

# The BULLETIN

OF THE  
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



BALDPATE

Hal H. Harrison

Vol. XXXIV

OCTOBER, 1950

No. 6

**MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY**  
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# BULLETIN

OF THE

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VOL. XXXIV, No. 6

OCTOBER, 1950

### **CONTENTS**

	<i>Page</i>
The President's Page . . . . .	234
My Search for the Ivory-billed Woodpecker in Florida . . . . .	<i>Davis H. Crompton</i> 235
Maytime at Arcadia . . . . .	<i>Edwin A. Mason</i> 237
Dawn (Verse) . . . . .	<i>Harry Elmore Hurd</i> 238
A-Hawking We Shall Go . . . . .	<i>John B. May</i> 239
Marking Birds for Sight Identification . . . . .	<i>B. M. Shaub</i> 244
Ornithologists Alive! VII. James Lee Peters . . . . .	<i>Charles H. Blake</i> 248
A Sanctuary is for Tomorrow . . . . .	<i>Amy Bess Miller</i> 251
Birds for Breakfast . . . . .	<i>C. Russell Mason</i> 251
Osprey (Verse) . . . . .	<i>William H. Matchett</i> 252
Tameness of Wood Thrushes . . . . .	<i>George A. Drew, Jr.</i> 253
The New Season (Membership Notes) . . . . .	254
Notes from the Sanctuaries . . . . .	257
Maurice C. Emery . . . . .	263
New Books . . . . .	263
Letters . . . . .	265, 266
Bird Flights (Verse) . . . . .	<i>Janet Morgan</i> 266
Field Notes . . . . .	267, 268, 269

## The President's Page



Said the Reverend Cotton Mather in his Thursday lecture in Boston, 23 January, 1721:

"I Remember that on a Coin of the Emperour Constans, which we have in our Hands, there is the Emperour drawing a Youth after him, and those Words about him; *Felix Temporum Reparatio*: Intimating, That for the Reforming of the Times, Youth is Principally to be dealt withal. Sensible of This, the managers of your Lectures, propose now a Sett of Sermons on EARLY PIETY; Hoping in, and Waiting on Heaven, to give an Efficacy to them."

While the appetite for adult lectures on subjects of natural history seems to have dulled considerably in the past decade or so, and the number of organizations anxious to satisfy this urge has increased, the demand that children shall be given good pictures of birds and other animals remains equally great and possibly is on the increase. It is as true today as it was when our lecture series was begun that lectures which are good enough to hold the interest of children will also hold the attention of adults, so there is no objection in encouraging our adult members to accompany their children to these illustrated lectures.

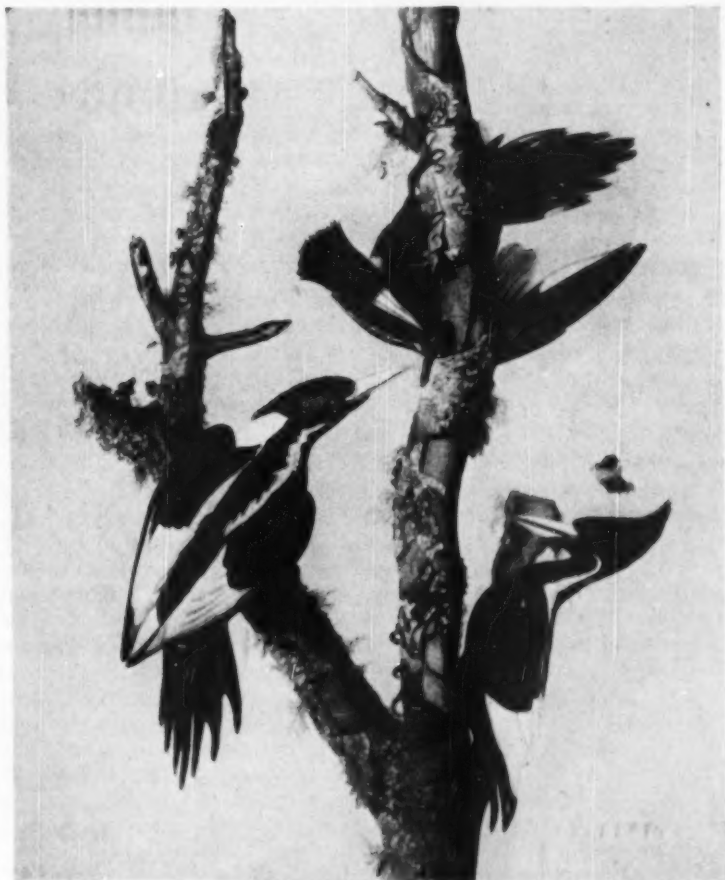
As the Reverend Cotton Mather has stated above, the future is in the hands of the growing generation. And nobody knows this better than the Audubon Societies.

Robert Walcott



## My Search for the Ivory-Billed Woodpecker in Florida

BY DAVIS H. CROMPTON\*



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, PINX.

### Ivory-billed Woodpeckers

In early March of 1950 John V. Dennis, former superintendent of our Audubon Moose Hill Sanctuary at Sharon, wrote me from Florida that he had information that the almost extinct Ivory-billed Woodpecker had been recently seen in the northern part of that State. He asked if I could come down to Florida to join him in a search for this most interesting bird. Two years before, in 1948, we had gone together to Cuba, and with the helpful advice and good offices of C. Russell Mason, Executive Director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, we had reached the territory of the Cuban Ivory-billed

\*Mr. Crompton is Field Research Agent for the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

Woodpecker, and there I had succeeded in seeing a male and a female Cuban Ivory-bill, while John had photographed both a male and a female and had seen another female.

As in the case of our reports on the Cuban Ivory-bill, it is not advisable to reveal where we went in Florida, nor who were our guides in the quest for this great bird whose total extinction is so dangerously close at hand.

I arrived in the city of X in Florida on April 8, 1950, as beautiful a day as I have ever seen. For the next ten days, every day except one was nearly as beautiful. That evening I met John, and with him were Merritt Farrar, Secretary of the very active Florida Audubon Society, and Mrs. Farrar, who also wanted to find the Ivory-bill. The next Sunday was Easter, the anniversary of the discovery and naming of this famous birding region, and after I had attended Mass we started off for the town of Y. There we met Mr. A, with his wife and thirteen-year-old daughter, Mr. B and his family, and Mr. C, who worked for Mr. B. The three men were to be our guides for the next two days, and all of us ate at the house of Mr. and Mrs. A.

Mr. A saw an Ivory-bill that very afternoon, but none of the rest of us saw it. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Farrar saw an Ivory-bill as it flew over their heads in the swamp at about eleven o'clock in the morning. The next day, Tuesday, we all looked in vain for the birds, and John Dennis and the Farrars left Y-town, leaving me behind.

On Thursday, for the first time I entered the great swamp alone, for by that time I felt that I knew the country fairly well. I went in by boat and waded around to some extent from the boat. The day before I had felt reasonably certain that I had heard the notes of Ivory-bills, because of what the guides had told me about them, of what Tanner had written in his study of the Ivory-bill, and because of their faint resemblance to the calls of the Cuban Ivory-bill which I had heard two years before. Therefore, I had something to go on when I entered the swamp at eight o'clock on Thursday, April 13, 1950. I reached the feeding haunts of the Ivory-bills about 9:30, and right away I began to hear a bird call, sounding a good deal like a flicker but more of a whistle, *echh, echh*, repeated about ten times. Twice during this morning I was directly between two of these birds calling, the nearest bird coming to within a hundred feet of me but very carefully staying out of my sight, although I am sure I did not stay out of the bird's sight. The birds would apparently go away for about fifteen minutes, and then, step by step, one or both would come back, generally not so close, however. For about three hours I was listening to the birds about two thirds of the time, not counting the quarter- to one-minute intervals between calls, hearing one or two, and at one point possibly three, of the woodpeckers calling. Then at about 12:30 noon, I heard them no more.

At about 1:30 that afternoon I caught a brief glimpse of an Ivory-bill about a hundred feet away as the bird flew past a small open space in the swamp. It was only in sight about a second and a half, but the marks I noticed, and the order in which they registered with me as it flew by giving only a side view of the rapidly passing bird, were its extremely large size—longer and heavier than I would have expected, a little red on the head, a fairly thin black neck with a white line, and a long white bill. I did not notice white on its wings (I saw the bird without a binocular, too briefly to bring one into use), and this failure to observe the white wing-markings bothered me at first,

but, in spite of this, three things definitely pointed to the bird's being an Ivory-bill. First was its size. Just a few minutes before, I had seen two Wood Ducks fly past, and this bird was considerably longer than either of them; it also seemed heavier, almost like an Eider Duck in body bulk. The second point was the long white bill. I have kept careful records and I know that I have seen more than one hundred Pileated Woodpeckers in my life, and I must have noticed the bill of a Pileated at least twenty times. Only once in all those observations, and then only for a brief moment, did a Pileated's bill look white to me, and that was while the Pileated was at an angle of about eighty degrees above me. This bird in Florida was level with my eye, or at an angle of zero degrees. The third point was a black neck with a white line on the side, instead of a largely white neck with two black lines, not a very great difference perhaps, but still a difference in degree anyway. As for my failure to note the white on the wing, I know that several times it has taken me three or four seconds to detect the white in the wing of a White-winged Scoter because of the angle at which I first saw it. I am under the impression that this bird in Florida was gliding with its wings extended toward my eye, and therefore I feel reasonably certain that it was an Ivory-billed Woodpecker.

Among the calls which I attributed to the Ivory-bills, in order of their frequency, were a whistle, *soo, soo*, repeated six or eight times; *yiehr*, repeated twice, *wayrhn*, repeated twice; and a single note, *murrh*. None of the notes were very closely related to those of the Cuban Ivory-bill, although obviously connected to those notes. The notes of the latter bird were *hant*, repeated about four times, and a single note, *hump*. I think that the notes of the two woodpeckers are sufficiently different to suggest that they are separate species, much as the songs of the Eastern and Western Meadowlarks distinguish these birds.

## Maytime At Arcadia

By EDWIN A. MASON

By actual count 776 school children visited Arcadia with their regular teachers during the month of May. These were children from classes in communities up and down the Valley where the Audubon Course in Conservation and Natural Science is given. The groups were met at the Sanctuary by the two Audubon teachers working out of Arcadia, Miss Mary Beitzel and Mrs. Pearl Care, who helped make their visits memorable by assisting the boys and girls to interpret what they saw as they walked over the trails.

An example of the birds these young visitors saw—usually without the aid of glasses—is the list observed by the Fifth and Sixth Grades of Montague City: Goldfinch, Tree Swallow, Cliff Swallow, Chickadee, Evening Grosbeak, Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Purple Finch, Junco, Myrtle Warbler, Sparrow Hawk, Cowbird, Flicker, Crow, Bluebird, ducks (probably Black Duck), Phoebe, and Downy Woodpecker. This group also saw White-throated and Song Sparrows banded. Our Audubon teachers say the children have their preferences in the bird world. They seem to be especially interested in the Tree Swallows as they see them at their nest sites. And when they are looking at a Tree Swallow poking its head out of the hole in the gourd, they are always intrigued by the story of how we palefaces learned from the American Indian to use gourds as artificial nesting sites for birds. Brightly plumaged birds

are always appealing—the Red-winged Blackbird, Purple Finch, Bluebird, and Goldfinch.

The newly budding trees and the spring wildflowers bring forth favorable responses. The tender green sprouts of the only cone-bearing tree that sheds its leaves every fall are usually of interest. Whether it was the beauty of massed blossoms or visions of sour green apples to come we shall never know, but the show at apple blossom time made wide appeal. The buzz of many bees working among the blossoms supplied a wonderful opportunity to point out how man is dependent for part of his food supply on lowly insects. The uncurling "fiddleheads" of the ferns, and the wildflowers, were not overlooked. Here is the list of wildflowers noted by a school class from Hatfield: Canada mayflower, wild mustard, pussytoe, common violet, bluet, sand (or bird's-foot) violet, lupine, trillium (both white and painted), and—a great favorite—the pink lady's-slipper.

Other groups registered during May were: Senior Scouts, Girl Scouts, Brownies, Cub Scouts, four sections of the Biology Class of Smith College, a Holyoke Trade School class, Biology Class from Williston Academy, and the 4-H Conservation Club from Granby. In all, these groups represent 163 individuals. As usual, visiting individuals and family groups were not all registered, but in this category 232 did register. Add to these figures the attendance of about 65 persons at the Connecticut Valley Campout, and we find that a total of 1,236 individuals came to the Sanctuary during May, not to mention those persons using the bridle trail and unregistered visitors. It would seem, therefore, that there is considerable interest in Arcadia as a display area for birds and mammals and their environment—in short, in natural beauty.

The Annual Connecticut Valley Campout achieved full registration of members from all over Massachusetts and some from Connecticut. The warblers were rather disappointing in numbers, and the weather could have been more co-operative. However, the list of species recorded during the week end reached the surprisingly high total of 134.

The exhibit of wildflowers in water color and ceramics by Marcia Gaylord Norman, and the waterfowl and songbirds in ceramics by her husband, Edward Norman, proved a very worth-while endeavor. The Sanctuary's parking facilities were taxed on the Sunday the exhibit was open to the public. The delicate beauty and authenticity of the works of the Normans delight the eye and arouse admiration for the manner in which these artists have mastered their mediums.

### Dawn

In the east the golden sun  
Affirms another day begun.  
Whirling song has vanished now  
From leaf-strewn ground and barren bough  
But, high in air, a lone hawk's cry  
Is fracturing the crystal sky.

HARRY ELMORE HURD  
*In Christian Science Monitor*

***If Every Member Would Add A Member, Think How We'd GROW!***

## A-Hawking We Shall Go

BY JOHN B. MAY



PIONEER VALLEY ASSOCIATION

The Connecticut Valley Flyway from Mt. Sugarloaf, with the Holyoke Range in the distance. Both Sugarloaf and the Range are hawk observation points.

*"In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And barons held their sway,"*

to "go a-hawking" meant to sally forth on gaily caparisoned horses, in a colorful company of knights and ladies, squires and maids, and with skillfully trained falcons cap-a-pie from feathered hood to leather jesses, to hunt the swift-flying grouse or waterfowl and the big, slower-moving herons and bustards. Today, all this is changed and it is Man who searches far afield for the migrating falcons and eagles, the harriers and "buzzards," or Buteos, and others of their kin of the diurnal birds of prey. And among some of the best places for modern "hawking" with binoculars or sighting scope are Hawk Mountain and similar vantage points along the Blue, or Kittatinny, Ridge, which stretches across Pennsylvania from New Jersey to Maryland and on into Virginia; Cape May Point, at the extreme southerly tip of New Jersey; and, nearer at hand, Mount Tom, in the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts.

Around the middle of the nineteenth century the Connecticut Valley region was well known to gunners and a few ornithologists as a migration route for many species of the hawk tribe. The late E. O. Damon told of shooting as many as sixty-eight Rough-legged Hawks in a single winter on the river meadows near Mt. Tom, and Red-tails, Red-shoulders, and Broad-wings were known to pass through the region in great numbers on certain favorable flight



days in autumn. In recent years J. A. Hagar has called attention to Mt. Tom as an observation point during hawk migrations (Bulletin of the Massachusetts Audubon Society for April and September, 1937). Other articles on the Mt. Tom hawk flights, by Aaron Moore Bagg, appeared in the *Bulletin* in June, 1946; March, 1947; May, 1949; and March, 1950. Mr. Bagg has traced the flight line southwesterly across the Connecticut border, and he has also prepared some very pertinent data on the meteorological conditions which favor hawk migrations. The Mount Holyoke Range, Mt. Toby in Sunderland, and Sugarloaf across the Connecticut River in South Deerfield, are other good observation points for the Valley hawk flights.

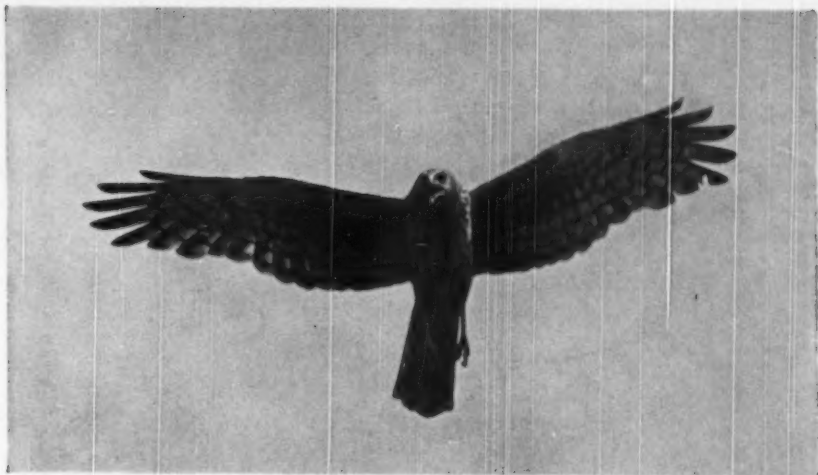
Farther to the westward, flights have been reported from the Hairpin Curve on the Mohawk Trail on the Hoosac Plateau, from Mt. Greylock, and from Lenox Mountain above our Pleasant Valley Sanctuary, where Rosario Mazzeo reported some nine hundred hawks in one September day (Bulletin M. A. S., March, 1945).

From New England southward in autumn, our hawks apparently favor two main routes for their migration journeys. One route follows the coast line approximately and is the choice of most of the falcons, the Osprey, the Marsh Hawk or Harrier, and a fair proportion of Buteos and Accipiters. In former days a considerable number of hawks have crossed the eastern end of Long Island Sound, and many were shot at Fishers Island en route. From Long Island the flight followed the New Jersey shore, and Cape May Point, at the entrance to Delaware Bay, is still one of the best places in eastern North America for observing hawk flights. Since the Witmer Stone Sanctuary was set aside at Cape May Point, much of the slaughter of hawks here has stopped. In his *Bird Studies at Old Cape May*, the late Dr. Stone has given us interesting accounts of these flights as he knew them a generation ago.

Another flyway followed by the diurnal raptors from New England carries them across southeastern New York to the rough highlands where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet, from which point the most easterly range of the Appalachians—the Kittatinny, or Blue Ridge—extends southwesterly across the latter State and continues onward, under various names, across the West Virginia Panhandle, through the Shenandoah National Park, to the Tennessee-Carolina highlands. Proof that this flyway is followed by New England hawks is furnished by banding records, several of the comparatively few hawks banded in our area having been later "recovered," via the shotgun method, at places along this ridge. For although most hawks are protected by law in Pennsylvania, the wholesale violation of these laws has been notorious. For many years groups of gunners have gathered at a dozen favored outlooks along the Kittatinnies, and, without exaggeration, thousands of hawks have been killed or crippled annually, and left to pollute the beautiful autumnal woods.

Today, happily, much of the senseless slaughter has been stopped. A few die-hard hawk-haters still meet at Bake Oven Knob, Furnace Gap, Little Gap, and other outlooks along the Kittatinny Ridge, and on favorable week ends in fall many hawks are still killed or maimed, but the one spot which of old was the scene of the worst slaughter is now a sanctuary, where, instead of gunners urged on by their primitive blood lust, hundreds of bird-watchers, armed only with binoculars and scopes, bird books and cameras, now meet together to study the migrating raptors and the other birds that frequent that outstanding lookout on the "Endless Mountain," as the Tuscarora Indians called the Kittatinnies.





S. A. GRIMES

**Marsh Hawks migrate in great numbers at Cape May, in lesser numbers at Hawk Mountain.**

Famous (or infamous) as Hawk Mountain was among the gunning fraternity for many years, it was not until 1932 that it came seriously before the attention of anyone interested in real conservation. In the fall of that year Richard H. Pough and Henry H. Collins, Jr., made several visits to Hawk Mountain, and they were aghast at the destruction going on there. In time their reports and personal appeals bore fruit, and the Emergency Conservation Committee began an active campaign to end the slaughter. Eventually this area was acquired by the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association, to which group the greatest credit should be given for its outstanding work in the protection of these persecuted birds.

And so it is to Hawk Mountain Sanctuary that bird-watchers from far and near make their pilgrimages every autumn, and on days of certain meteorological types, from late August to December, there is always the possibility of a most interesting experience, for more than ten thousand raptorial birds of a dozen or so species have been observed and *counted*, on a single day, at this point.

Among the most vivid and most satisfying memories of my bird trips of recent years, I count my several visits to the famous "Lookout" on Hawk Mountain.

An early breakfast at the home of my friend, the energetic and enthusiastic president of the Norristown Audubon Society, and we start on our drive through the Perkiomen Creek region, to which Audubon came from his home in France and where he met his future bride, Lucy Bakewell. Then we cross the rolling Pennsylvania Dutch farming country, through Reading and Hamburg, toward the wavy blue line of the Kittatinnyes, the easternmost ridge of the Appalachians. Beside the road we occasionally glimpse the opaque waters of the upper Schuylkill, black with coal dust from the washings of many mines near its headwaters. The road climbs through a narrow pass in the long ridge and then turns aside up the valley of the Little Schuylkill a short distance to the hamlet of Dreherstown, where we turn south across a narrow bridge and

climb steeply a winding road through the woods toward the high saddle of the ridge. Asters and goldenrods brighten the roadside, and witch hazel blossoms profusely under the gold and russet of the autumn woodlands.

In spite of our early start we find one side of the road near the top of the ridge already lined with cars parked bumper to bumper for half a mile or so, and still more cars are chugging up the rough way behind us. From far and near they come—bird clubs, school and scout groups, family parties of bird lovers, famous naturalists—in jalopies or limousines and even in chartered busses (the Cleveland, Ohio, Bird Club came, fifty strong, in a big Greyhound one week end), and it is only the early bird who finds parking space anywhere near the Sanctuary entrance when it is rumored abroad that "the hawks are flying." Indeed, more and more groups and individuals are camping overnight in the woods or the old farm fields near "Schaumbach's," the Curator's ancient whitewashed stone cottage halfway down the mountain on the other side of the ridge, in order to make an early start up the steep mountainside, for the biggest flights are usually (though not always) observed during the morning watches, and there are no reserved seats at Hawks' Lookout.

Our chauffeur-host leaves us at the path to the ledges and drives on to hunt a parking place. We greet the Keeper of the Gate, Mrs. Broun, or "Irma," as she is known to a multitude of bird-watchers, and sign the register, paying the modest two-bit fee if we are non-members of the Sanctuary Association, then pick our way over the well-marked but rough footpath, under the sparse second-growth oaks and hickories, hornbeams and hackberries, and the occasional hemlocks and pines, with their undercover of mountain laurel and flowering dogwood, rhododendron and witch hazel and huckleberries, northeasterly toward the Lookout. At one point we pass through a miniature canyon walled in with fine-grained, crumbling sandstone, where we see faint traces of an ancient narrow-gauge railroad, for this sandstone was once quarried for glassmaking. Then we reach the summit of the ridge and come out rather abruptly on the rough boulders and ledges of the Lookout.

It is a surprising revelation of the number of persons interested in bird-watching to see the group already gathered here at this commanding observation post on the hawks' highway. I have met at Hawk Mountain ornithologists of international reputation from several of the States and from Canada; Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls; farmers from the near-by lowlands, who a few short years ago were rabidly "anti-predator" and who now, thanks to the missionary work of the Brouns, are converts to the protection of our economically valuable hawks; bird clubs from New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia; and even week-end tourists in most inappropriate garb, who have merely "followed the signs and the people ahead" and are sadly out of place in this rugged terrain. There are sure to be people in the mixed groups whom we have met at the A. O. U. meetings, at gatherings of Audubon societies and other conservationists, or at bird clubs from Maine to Florida.

But all this time while we have been looking around and renewing old acquaintances or making new ones, hawks have been passing by, big soaring Red-tails and diminutive Sharp-shins in the majority, and suddenly someone calls out excitedly, "eagle coming high over Number Three," and all eyes are focussed, via binoculars or telescope, on the great wide-winged dark bird approaching on the favoring upcurrents of air along the autumn-brown ridge which stretches northeasterly to the curving sky line.



Hawk Mountain in Pennsylvania, most famous of hawk observation points.

For an idea of the possibilities presented to the bird-watcher who goes a-hawking in the Kittatinnies, a few extracts from the 1948 season report of Maurice Broun, Curator at Hawk Mountain, are pertinent. The hawk migration began that summer on August 29, when seventy hawks of seven species were observed, including 10 adult Bald Eagles and 8 Ospreys. On September 16 the biggest flight occurred, principally Broad-wings, as in previous years. Before ten o'clock the count stood at 1,396; from ten to eleven, 1,371 more; between eleven and twelve, 7,587 plus! The afternoon brought the total number of hawks seen in one day to 11,392 (plus)! Mr. Broun commented, "In the more than 7,200 hours that I have watched birds atop Hawk Mountain, there has never been anything remotely comparable to this avalanche of hawks." (For the first time in Broun's experience the hawks came so fast it was impossible to count them accurately.) The total for September, 1948, was 16,343 (plus) hawks, while the aggregate for the season was 21,173 (plus) raptors, though that was over a thousand less than the total enumerated in 1939, the record season. The 1948 season ended, except for a few stragglers, on November 21, when 123 Red-tails and 3 Golden Eagles were noted, bringing the count of this latter "rare" species to 40, as compared with 88 Bald Eagles seen there that season.

My own visits to Hawk Mountain have of necessity been in October, after the tremendous flights of Broad-wings have passed, and the largest number of hawks recorded on any one of my visits was a paltry eight or nine hundred birds, largely Sharp-shins and Buteos, but with a scattering of other hawks and three Golden Eagles to add spice to the meager fare! But as most of us have never seen eight hundred hawks in all our lifetimes in New England, such a day is not *too* disappointing. And even on a "bad" day, with adverse weather conditions, there is sure to be a goodly gathering of congenial bird-watchers on Hawk Mountain on any autumn day.

So let's all "go a-hawking"!

## Marking Birds for Sight Identification

BY B. M. SHAUB\*

The marking of birds by affixing a band to a leg dates back to Audubon's time in America and earlier in Europe. Audubon simply used a silver wire ring, which served as an identification for his purpose, as there were no other investigators interested in marking birds at that time. Today the situation is entirely different. Our Federal Fish and Wildlife Service supplies numbered bands to several thousand licensed co-operators or bird-banders, not only in the United States, but to those of Canada and Mexico as well through their own wildlife services. This is a natural and logical administration of the activities of bird-banders in the areas over which many of the birds migrate. A bird may be banded in one country and recovered in another, hence the correlation of the data obtained must include that for the entire area over which the birds migrate. This work has yielded fascinating and useful scientific facts on the migration and other phases of the life histories of birds.

Other equally important research work concerning our interesting bird visitors, as well as the permanent residents, requires a sight identification of a bird with reference to some fixed location, as a banding station, nesting site, or roosting site, where the birds may be captured, marked, and released as the preliminary phase of many scientific investigations. A reasonably adequate method of marking for some investigations consists of affixing colored plastic bands or colored aluminum bands to a bird's leg. Either of these is in addition to the regular numbered aluminum government band. Banders may put the government band on either the right or left leg and the colored band on the other. Two small plastic bands of different colors have been used to vary the combinations, which, of course, are rather limited, or become too confusing to be distinguished correctly when the observer has only a quick glimpse of a bird's legs, which so frequently is the case. However, much valuable data has been collected concerning the ranging and habits of birds within areas where the observers have been informed in advance concerning the meaning of the various combinations of colored bands used.

The disadvantages of the use of colored bands are numerous when a number of banding stations are involved. Some of these are as follows: It is often quite difficult to distinguish the color of a band when in poor light, even for individuals with normal vision. Concentration and a good sight memory are required for one actually to say if the colored band is on the right or the left leg, and if one particular color is above or below another. When one looks down upon a bird its legs are invisible, and when the distance is more than fifteen to twenty-five feet the bands are not distinguishable without the aid of field glasses, or unless the light is exceptionally bright or the color contrast of the bands is very good. When the weather is cold, many birds hide the bands by habitually sitting on their feet when on the ground or in the trees. The light-colored bands of ground-feeding birds become darkened with soil and organic debris, causing them to change their appearance so as to be unrecognizable.

If either the regular aluminum or the colored bands are correctly applied to the bird's leg, no injury will result. We have heard people groan in sympathy for a banded bird having to carry the "heavy" metal band on its leg.

\*Contribution No. 9 from the Shaub Ornithological Research Station, Northampton, Massachusetts.

During the past two years we have, with rare exceptions, weighed every bird every time it was captured. A bird banded with a regulation government-numbered aluminum band would be carrying approximately the same relative weight as an average man if clothed *only* by one third of *one* average, regular leather shoe. Hence one need not worry that the flight of a banded bird would be so retarded that it would fall an easy victim to cats, automobiles, or other hazards on account of the weight of the metal band or bands.

Bird students have at times attached dyed chicken feathers to the tail feathers of birds by using Duco or other quick-drying cellulose cements. Combinations of colored feathers and their location in the tail of the bird make it possible to identify individually a limited number of birds in restricted areas. This device likewise would not be an impediment to the flight of a bird, as the added weight of an extra feather would not be noticeable. Occasionally a bird is captured at the banding station without any tail feathers; and after it is banded and released it is able to control its flight by the wings alone as if the tail feathers were present.

The Evening Grosbeak survey which was started by Edwin A. Mason in a small way in 1946 relied upon the identification of the banding station where the bird was banded by affixing a colored plastic band to the leg not carrying the government band. While this venture produced excellent results, the number of banding stations has now increased to such an extent that color combinations of plastic bands will no longer suffice for station identification because of one or more of the conditions enumerated above. Instead of the station color band for the future, it now appears that regional color bands will yield the most desirable scientific information in co-operation with those who enjoy observing the birds at their feeding stations. By regional color-banding it is meant that the banders of the Evening Grosbeaks will co-operate and use the same color bands in predetermined areas. The areas or regions have been tentatively delineated so as to cross the migration routes as much as possible for the limited number of colors available (E. A. Mason, *Bull. Mass. Aud. Soc.*, Vol. XXXIV, pp. 160-162, 1950).

Two important phases of the survey are closely connected with the identity of the grosbeaks with respect to the station where they were banded. The first of these concerns the sight identification during the bird's journeys in the winter migration area and, second, the probability of sight identification of banded birds, with respect to the banding station, while in the breeding areas. These are probably in Quebec and Ontario south of James Bay for the birds migrating into the northeastern United States. Exceptions would be for recent nestings in northern New England, the Adirondacks, southern Ontario, and Quebec in the East, and in northern Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin in the Midwest.

During the last of March in 1949 the white secondaries of the wing of a male Evening Grosbeak were a light blue-green color after it was banded. The appearance of this bird was quickly noted and reported to members of the survey. The effectiveness of the wing-marking in this instance suggested the possibility of using distinctive markings or designs for grosbeaks as well as other birds by applying recognizable patterns on the wing or tail feathers (Fig. 1). The design could consist of a letter or number, alone or in a frame, or a frame alone (Fig. 2). The frame could be either a circle, a square, a diamond, or any other distinctive geometric figure. To be effective its true shape must be easily recognized as well as the contained figure, letter, or other mark. The letter could be an initial of the bander.



We have found that a good medium for applying the design on the feathers, which do not contain living tissue, is a rubber stamp using regular colored printer's inks. The ink is spread thinly on any smooth surface, as glass, linoleum or rigid plastic sheets, by means of a small rubber roller. Printer's ink dries on the feathers in a short time, so that smudging is not likely to occur after the bird is released. The roller, inked plate, and rubber stamps must be cleaned in a few hours with kerosene or type-cleaning fluid, otherwise the removal of the ink becomes difficult.

The manipulation of the stamp in placing the design on the wing feathers becomes a simple matter when the marking is done in conjunction with a small portable platform supported a few inches above its base (Fig. 3). The bird to be marked is held in the left hand with the thumb and forefinger around it at the neck and also grasping the right wing (Fig. 1). The wing is held in a natural, nearly closed, position on the platform while the design is transferred to the feathers. If the feathers are disturbed, they can be straightened by using a small brush while the wing is held in a natural, folded position.



THELMA DUNNEBACHE #1



#3

Fig. 1. A female Evening Grosbeak with a design in red ink on the right wing. Fig. 3. A small platform with a 6-inch-square plywood platform for supporting the wing feathers when the design is transferred to the feathers. Scales can be attached to three edges to facilitate taking wing and other measurements.

A variety of colored inks, as well as black and white, are obtainable in quarter-pound tubes. The darker colors should be spread very thin or be diluted with white ink, otherwise they will appear black to the average observer unless the light conditions are exceptionally favorable. White ink used for printing on black paper shows up well on dark-colored birds.

This method of marking birds is beyond doubt the least noticeable to the bird and the most conspicuous and most easily identified by an observer. During the latter part of April, 1950, we marked ninety-seven Evening Grosbeaks (fifty females and forty-seven males) with the design shown on the female grosbeak of Fig. 1. Without previously advertising the new method of marking the birds, reports were received by the survey of marked birds having been seen, not only in Northampton and the near-by towns, but from villages fifteen to twenty miles away, and one report came from an observer in Connecticut.

The advantage of marking the birds by the application of designs on their wings and/or tails is in the greater ease of making accurate identification of the mark, and especially in the number of distinct combinations and variations available. Nevertheless duplications, or near duplications, of designs could



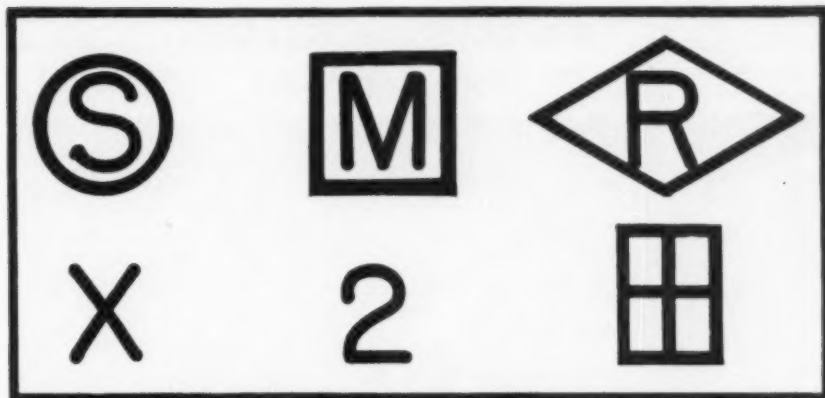


Fig. 2. Examples of designs which could be used on the wings of Evening Grosbeaks so that the observers could readily identify the banding station where the individual was banded and marked.

result unless the banders co-operate with the survey and agree to the use of a distinct mark.

Birds on the ground are very easily identified when the design has been transferred clearly. Even when the birds are in trees thirty to fifty feet from the observer, a back view of the bird permits the observer to see the design clearly, and with the aid of field glasses the identity can be made at a much greater distance.

The fact that the design is lost when the bird molts may be an advantage as well as a disadvantage, depending on the conditions of the investigation that is being pursued.

The marking of birds, animals, insects, etc., with numbered bands, tags, or stamped designs, depending upon the type of creature—such as stamped marks on the feathers of birds or on the wings of migrating butterflies, are all for the purpose of studying their migrations. Persons who see such marked creatures should record accurately their observations regarding the time, place, number or design noted, and the name of the species so marked. Every effort should be made to release the subject unharmed, except game during the open season, as it may again be captured and yield valuable information repeatedly.

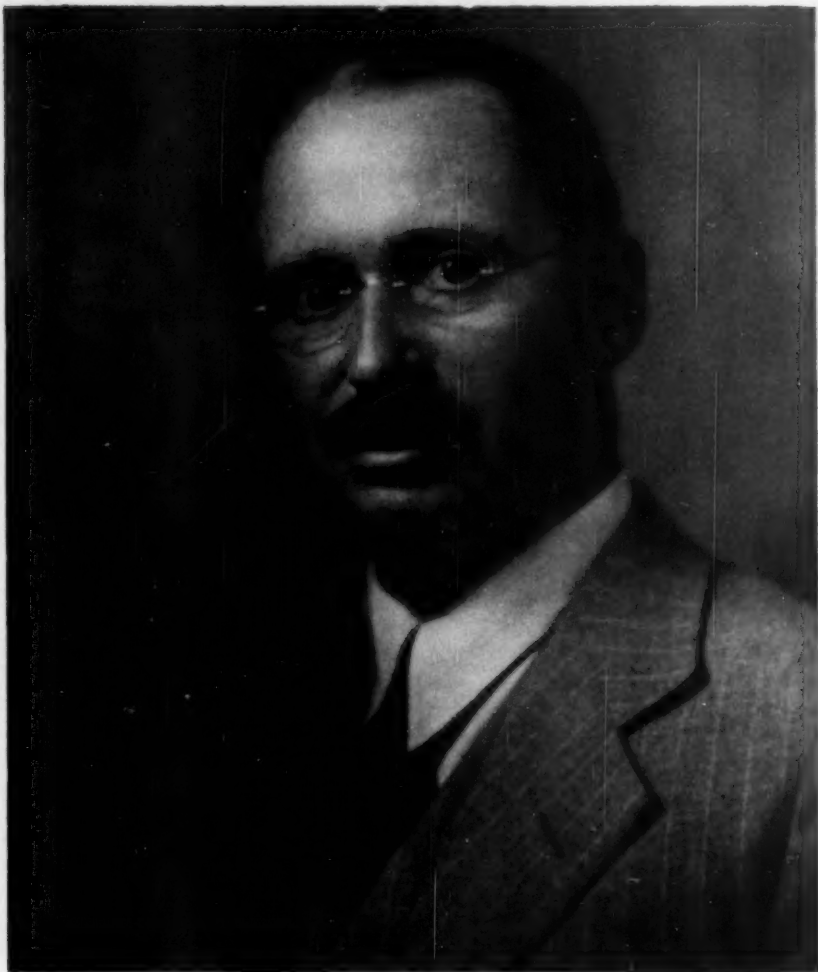
The appearance of designs on the wings of Evening Grosbeaks should be reported to Edwin A. Mason, Superintendent of Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, Northampton, Mass., who initiated the co-operative color-banding project for the study of the Eastern Evening Grosbeak. This study is now being continued over the entire range of the species, and through the co-operation of the banders and observers much interesting data and many scientific facts are certain to be recorded and correlated for future use.

### A Correction

Occasionally, through some error, the credit line for a photograph used in the *Bulletin* is omitted. This occurred in a recent issue when the photograph of Davis Crompton should have been credited to Edwin A. Mason. Excuse us, Ed.

## Ornithologists Alive!

VII James Lee Peters



There is a popular conception of the closet naturalist poring over his bird skins or what not, rarely emerging into the world of events. This may have been a true picture in the past, but it is not so now and certainly does not apply to Jim Peters. His interest in live animals is real and widely informed. If he, personally, does not take a twenty-four-hour May day to compile a huge list, he does take careful note of what the birds around him are doing.

Peters's early life seems to have suffered the usual educational vicissitudes of a Boston boy, including an A. B. from Harvard in 1912. By this time his

interest in birds was well established, even though his formal connection with the Museum of Comparative Zoology did not begin until 1921. Two years of this interval had been spent with the A. E. F. in France as a second lieutenant. Since 1921 Jim's service at the M. C. Z. has been unbroken, and he became curator of birds there in 1933, succeeding Outram Bangs. These earlier years were varied by collecting trips to the West Indies and to Central and South America as far as Patagonia.

Not unnaturally in a great university museum, Jim's major interest turned to the taxonomy of birds. Here he has proceeded to eminence in two directions. His *Check-List of Birds of the World* has been in process for some fifteen years. In 1940 it won him the Brewster Medal. The immense amount of patient, painstaking labor which goes into such a work can scarcely be believed by the non-taxonomist. The labor would be in vain, except for the thoroughly sound judgment which informs it throughout. This same taxonomic interest, in the second direction, has brought Jim to the presidency of the International Commission on Zoological Nomenclature.

Jim Peters has been for several years president of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge, succeeding Dr. Glover M. Allen in his long term in office. He is also a former president of the American Ornithologists' Union.

In spite of his professional activity, Jim has found time to run a sizable orchard and to serve for many years as a volunteer fire fighter in his home town of Harvard, Massachusetts. These interests seem tied to Jim's lively appreciation of the out-of-doors.

CHARLES H. BLAKE  
Lincoln, Massachusetts

### Audubon Field Trips to Northeastern Massachusetts

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22. To points in northeastern Massachusetts to observe fall migrants, including ducks. Leaders: Oscar M. Root, Wallace Bailey, C. Russell Mason, Howard L. Rich. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A. M., returning about 7:00 P. M. Fare and guide fee, \$2.75. Fee for those using private cars and following the bus, 75 cents. Bring lunch. Reservations should be made a week in advance, and cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, October 20.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19. To Essex County. Leaders to be announced. Details of trip same as above.

### News of Bird Clubs

THE ALLEN BIRD CLUB of Springfield announces for its first program of the season, to be presented on October 30, a color film entitled "Bird Shots in Pioneer Valley," by Hiram L. Parent, of Madison, Wisconsin. Officers of the Club for the year 1950-51 are as follows: Mrs. H. Arthur Avery, President; Ernest Yates, Vice-President; Mrs. J. Edward Hyde, Secretary; and William L. Tompkins, Treasurer.

THE HOFFMANN BIRD CLUB of Pittsfield has scheduled a field trip on October 1 to observe early ducks at Lake Onota, and November 5 is the date scheduled for the Annual Waterfowl Census.

### Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield OCTOBER

- October 2-31. Exhibition of Paintings by George Barber.
- October 7. 1:30 P. M. Fall Foliage Bus Tour.
- October 8. 1:30 P. M. Fall Foliage Bus Tour.
- October 12. (Columbus Day) 1:30 P. M. Fall Foliage Bus Tour.
- October 14. 10:30 A. M. Opening Nature Hour for Children, presented in co-operation with Massachusetts Audubon Society.
- October 19. 7:30 P. M. Opening of course on "How to Identify Common Minerals," by Ralph D. Otis.

(Other events to be announced)

### From Our Educational Department

Miss Katharine Tousey, who conducts Audubon classes in Conservation and Natural Science in the schools of Lowell, Massachusetts, brings us these encouraging examples of classroom work:

From Sandra Carville, Grade 6, Washington School: "As a member of the Audubon Society I volunteer to help conservation by protecting the birds so they can eat the insects that harm the land or gardens. I will also help to prevent forest fires by calling the fire department when there is a dangerous fire and by putting out a little one myself. I think that if everybody did what they should for the land we would have more to eat and a better country."

From Marcia Silk, Grade 6, Washington School:

"I volunteer to preserve forest and field  
So birds and mammals abundantly will yield.  
To put out burning weeds and trees  
To help the birds and bumble bees.  
And I'll help bring back  
The things that lack  
In Nature's mystery."

An anonymous slogan from a Lowell sixth grader: "Let live and we'll live."

School nature hikes are fun for the Audubon teachers as well as for the pupils. Miss Dorothy E. Snyder reports the following interesting observations by students in Essex County classes:

*Salem.* Phillips School Room 10 hiked from the school along Collins Cove to Salem Willows, finding not only snakes and clam worms, but Killdeer nesting near the heart of the city, and Bank Swallows flying around old nesting sites in the cove.

*Beverly.* Grade 5 pupils of McKay and Brown Schools hiked in Phillips Woods, where many species of birds nest. About thirty kinds were found, with Great Blue and Black-crowned Night Herons in the pond, Crested Flycatchers *weeping* in the woods, and such colorful birds as Scarlet Tanagers, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks, and Golden-winged Warblers singing in view of the boys and girls.

*Gloucester.* In hikes along Gloucester Harbor, pupils from Hovey, Babson, and Central Grammar Schools found many marine invertebrates. These included two Sea Slugs (*Doris* sp.?); a number of Bryozoans, or Moss Animals; Beach Fleas and Gammarus, as well as the usual mollusks. Green and Jonah Crabs were abundant, along with a few Rock Crabs, starfish, and their allies. Perhaps the most unusual observation was that of pupils of Central Grammar when they saw a Herring Gull eat a small octopus. Eastern Avenue pupils found out by personal observation how oil dumped in ocean waters affects ducks and water birds. Oiled Black, American Golden-eye, American Eider, and White-winged Scoters were found dead. The Riggs School hiked to Dogtown Common and there observed the making of soil where the ancient granite was breaking down into fine gravel. One group here discovered that tent caterpillars not only live a communal life in the web house they construct, but they make roads of silken threads to near-by trees, with lanes leading off the main avenue. The caterpillars crossed these to new feeding grounds without ever "stepping" on the grass beneath!

## A Sanctuary is for Tomorrow

BY AMY BESS MILLER

The merging of the Pleasant Valley Bird and Wildflower Sanctuary in Lenox, Massachusetts, with the Massachusetts Audubon Society is gratifying for several reasons. It will assure Sanctuary members of many benefits of the State-wide organization, whose fine educational program already has been in operation in Berkshire County schools since 1943. It will make available to the Audubon Society one of the loveliest acreages in western Massachusetts for expanding field work, nature training classes, and interesting programs in connection with one of the most complete trailside museums in existence.

Walter Prichard Eaton once wrote, "A Sanctuary like a school or a church, is not alone for today, but for tomorrow and tomorrow. It may be founded by the enthusiasm of one or two people, but if it functions, if it meets a need, many will arise to carry it on."

Pleasant Valley was created by people who insisted that it function, and they had the energy and enthusiasm to see that it did. They realized the importance of training children to enjoy the woods without destroying. They would have been in favor of the nature education program in the schools. They valued the serenity of the Sanctuary and what it offered those seeking refreshment from its quiet beauty, and they would have approved the additions of land and improvements to the buildings made recently. It seems to me that they would also have considered it most logical to combine the efforts of these two distinguished Massachusetts organizations whose work was so similar and whose aims were identical.

Everyone interested in conservation likes to see signs of progress. We who love and cherish the Sanctuary feel that progress has been made by merging these two organizations, while not at all relinquishing our efforts to make the reorganization successful.

## Birds for Breakfast

BY C. RUSSELL MASON

Breakfast with the E. C. Johnsons at their lovely home on Cliff Road, Wellesley, is an inspiration for the starting of the day's work. As one sits in the cheerful breakfast room, just outside the casement windows a tremendous feast of sunflower seed, millet, peanut hearts, and other favorite bird foods are spread on a wide feeder, with the overhanging roof of the house to protect it from the weather and with convenient perches at the ends on which bird visitors may land before partaking of breakfast. As one sits sipping orange juice or eating deliciously cooked bacon and eggs, one almost forgets breakfast in his interest in watching the avian visitors outside. Here on a May morning, when warblers and vireos may be thronging through the woodlands outside the house, winter bird visitors are still lingering before going on to their northern summer homes. A score or more Pine Siskins will be on the feeding board, and while they are still partaking of millet seed, half a dozen Evening Grosbeaks will arrive to get their favorite sunflower, and Purple Finches and Goldfinches by the half dozen will join their finch brethren to share in the tempting bird repast. Perhaps a flock of a dozen Cowbirds



may come in at one time, their larger size and aggressiveness temporarily driving the finches to the near-by shrubbery and trees. Perched on a rock back of the ground-feeding space, a Chipmunk will sit contentedly munching sunflower seed or peanuts, and on lantern, weathervane, and other types of feeders—and there are many of these just outside the windows—there will be Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers, Chickadees, Nuthatches, a Catbird nibbling at peanut butter, Song Sparrows, and Towhees. Even a Mourning Dove, one of a flock of a dozen that has spent the winter on the grounds, will linger for a long time on the ground picking up tidbits which have dropped from the pole feeders overhead. An early-arriving Rose-breasted Grosbeak flaunts his black and white and scarlet to vie in beauty with the Evening Grosbeaks and Goldfinches present.

As a background for all this color and activity is a rocky slope covered with blueberry bushes and other shrubbery scattered among naturalistic plantings of daffodils and narcissus in their spring beauty.

Until we had counted on our fingers, we couldn't believe that we had observed twenty-one species of birds feeding just outside the window while eating breakfast.

### Osprey

In a nearing and narrowing spiral, a dark double crescent  
Drops into sight with the shattering white of its head  
An afterthought bright in the sun, till it wheels  
And a third dark crescent, reversed, reveals  
Itself in the curve of the softer-than-white of its wing.

Indecisively arching its back, then relaxing to swing  
Up again, strokelessly climbing the air with a scream  
Of delicious derision, defying the sky to flood red  
With the livid wet blood of a life to be torn from the sea.

See, without warning, fan-tailed, in a hovering pause,  
Poised, with stout wings, now quick-folded, to plummet, to stream  
Down, dropping, like death, breathlessly free,  
One's own wish, unsustained until swallowed,  
Immersed, clasped from sight, yet to rise with its clinging, cruel claws  
In the prize, then on dripping slow wings disappearing,  
A dwindling spark in the distance, a dark double crescent.

WILLIAM H. MATCHETT  
In *Harvard Advocate*

### A Novel Gift for Arcadia

At the first Saturday night campfire of the summer season at Camp Cheserfield, Scoutmaster Fred Wilbur, on behalf of the Boy Scouts and Scouters from Hampshire-Franklin Council who had attended the Jamboree at historic Valley Forge, presented to Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, through Superintendent Edwin A. Mason, seeds of flowering dogwood collected from trees growing on this historic camp site of George Washington's Army. Superintendent Mason was chairman of the Jamboree Committee of the Council, and on this same occasion he was presented with one of the special Jamboree neckerchiefs signed by the entire Jamboree Troop. The flowering dogwood seeds will be nurtured through their early stages, so that in the course of a few years three- or four-foot trees can be planted out at Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary.



## Tameness of Wood Thrushes

By GEORGE A. DREW, JR.



ROGER T. PETERSON

During several seasons of watching the behavior of Wood Thrushes nesting in the vicinity of our yard in Belmont, I have never seen such a change in the actions of the birds as occurred at the end of the nesting season of 1949. In other summers we had often left raisins near the bird bath for the thrushes, and these were always eagerly taken, particularly just before the fall migration flight. We kept up the habit this year, beginning in June, but for some reason—probably the marauding attacks of cats and squirrels—the 1948 breeding thrushes had visited the bath and taken raisins with perhaps the greatest degree of wariness we had seen them display over a five-year period. This extreme shyness continued through

August. It was soon afterward that the change occurred.

Instead of disappearing by September 1, as had usually happened here, the Wood Thrushes lingered on almost through September, and the last one was seen October 1. Very likely a late second brood was the chief reason, for two immature thrushes came for a dip in the water on the 13th, and a single young thrush was present a day or two later. But an adult pair stayed for more than two weeks after that date. Finding the thrushes thus staying close by, I formed the habit of carrying with me a few raisins. If a thrush was present just inside the edge of the woods, as generally happened, I would throw the raisins in the direction of the bird, at long range at first. Instead of showing fright, the thrushes very soon began to pick up the handout even while I was hastily backing away, as rustling leaves and brief glances revealed.

This kept up until the 28th; though not occurring every morning, the feedings were frequent. On that morning I found both thrushes on our small woodpile at the edge of the woods. They not only stood their ground as I approached within about fifteen feet of them, but as the proffered raisins fell near by, both thrushes ran forward eagerly to snatch them, almost as if they had been waiting for the meal to arrive.

Whatever was responsible for the apparent reluctance of the birds to leave this vicinity at the usual date and their late-season change of behavior, it is interesting to speculate on how much closer, if any, they might have been lured, could the autumn feedings have been continued a few weeks longer.

## The New Season

Autumn days at Audubon House are days of stirring activity, more suggestive of nature's season of awakening life than that of the "sere and yellow leaf." Summer over, and with it vacations, staff members are now alerted for a busy year ahead. New ideas and plans are crystallizing in every department, and even the physical features of some of our offices are undergoing interesting improvements at the hands of painter, carpenter, and decorator. Nor has our Membership Department been idle during the summer months, as evidenced by the encouraging list of new members below. And it is our pleasure at this time to welcome these new members, as well as to express our grateful appreciation to the many friends who have increased their support by transfer to membership in a higher bracket. Our growing strength is sure to be reflected in increased interest and activity in all phases of our work.

A recent appointment to the State-wide Membership Committee is Mrs. Arthur R. Leiby, of Lexington, Massachusetts.

### Life Members

- Blauvelt, Hiram B. D., Oradell, N. J.
- \*\*Kinnicutt, Dr. Roger, Worcester

### Contributing Members

- \*Bartlett, Mrs. A. G., Manchester
- \*\*Belcher, Miss Gertrude H., Orleans
- \*Burdick, P. F., Springfield
- Camp Aquatic, East Otis
- Camp Fernwood, Dorchester
- Camp Mohawk, Cheshire
- \*\*Curtiss, Frederic Haines, Charles River Village
- \*\*Dexter, W. E., Prides Crossing
- Grenier, Mrs. William E., Watertown
- \*Hinds, Charles B., Jr., Worcester
- \*Hinds, Mrs. Charles B., Jr., Worcester
- \*\*Lee, Miss Susan M., New York, N. Y.
- \*\*Metcall, Miss Elsie R., Franklin
- \*\*Niels, James F., Jr., Hardwick
- \*\*Niels, Mrs. James F., Jr., Hardwick
- Rand, Theodore G., Brunswick, Me.
- \*\*Rice, Albert W., Boston
- Sexton, Edward W., Cambridge
- \*\*Shaw, Mrs. S. P., Needham
- \*\*Snyder, Mrs. Milton C., Worcester
- Stearns, Miss Anna B., Randolph, N. H.
- \*\*Whitney, Mrs. Geoffrey G., Milton
- \*\*Woods, Miss Alice M., Amherst

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- Baldwin, Mrs. David D., Cambridge
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- Chabot, Mathurin P., Webster
- Chabot, Mrs. Mathurin P., Webster
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- \*Davis, Mrs. Harrison Merrill, Salem
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- \*Head, Mrs. Neil C., Bronxville, N. Y.
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- \*Kellogg, Mrs. Juliet Richardson, Rye, N. Y.
- Knowlton, Mrs. Wilson W., Westfield
- \*Lewis, James R., Millis
- Lindsay, Mrs. Philip K., Lexington
- \*Masters, Miss Kathrine W., Winchester
- \*Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge
- \*Rois, Miss Margaret, Woodbury, Conn.
- Shaw, S. P., Needham
- \*Sherwood, Miss Margaret P., Wellesley
- Steele, Fletcher, Boston
- \*Walton, Mrs. George L., Bass River
- Warner, Nelson M., Jr., Brookline
- White, Gustave J. S., Newport, R. I.
- Williams, Mrs. W. B., Winchester
- \*Wulsin, Mrs. Frederick R., Cambridge
- Wynne, Mrs. Cyril, So. Sudbury

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- Allen, Mrs. Donald G., Beverly
- Allen, Mrs. Yvonne, Attleboro
- Ashley, Donn Langdon, Lt. (jg.), Troy, N. Y.
- Atherton, Charles P., Exeter, N. H.
- Atwood, Miss Betty, Fall River
- Ball, Mrs. Harold W., Westfield
- Banis, Miss Edna, West Newton
- Bartlett, David, Holyoke
- Bauman, Edward W., Jr., Boston
- Beauregard, Mrs. Gerard A., Attleboro
- Bieg, Arthur A., Westfield
- Bleakie, Mrs. John, No. Scituate
- Blewitt, Arthur E., Waterbury, Conn.
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- Brainard, Mrs. Ralph, Walpole, N. H.
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 Burgess, Mrs. Leon A., Bourne  
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 Burrows, Miss M. J., Minot  
 Bushey, Mrs. William H., Woburn  
 Butterfield, James R., Waltham  
 Carbaugh, Miss Lillian G., Acoaxet  
 Carter, Mrs. Harry W.,

Falmouth Heights  
 Christofferson, Mrs. Carl, Acton  
 Convalescent Home for Children

Wellesley Hills  
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 Cowles, Mrs. Henry T., Ipswich  
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 Davidson, Miss Suzanne, Holyoke  
 Davis, George A., Springfield  
 Davis, Miss Karen, Chevy Chase, Md.  
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 Dodd, Mrs. Evelyn H. Pellow, Boston  
 Dodge, Mrs. George R.,

Adamsville, R. I.  
 Dodge, William R., Newburyport  
 Donachie, Stephen, Holyoke  
 Dudley, Mrs. George Otis, Lexington  
 Ellms, Miss Marjorie, So. Lincoln  
 Erisman, Mrs. Robert, Mystic, Conn.  
 Farr, Mrs. Charles W., Dodge  
 Farrar, Merritt C., Winter Park, Fla.  
 Feinberg, Ezra J., New York, N. Y.  
 Fellows, Mrs. Harold, Swampscott  
 Felsher, Hal-Curtis, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Flahive, John, Holyoke  
 Fleet, Mrs. Esther F., Fall River  
 Foerster, Carl, Stamford, Conn.  
 Fullam, Mrs. L. C., No. Brookfield  
 Gagnon, Joseph, Lowell  
 Gammons, Homer, Westfield  
 Gately, Miss Corinne E., Cambridge  
 Gaylord, Mrs. Arthur S., Holyoke  
 Gigger, Mrs. George, Wood's Hole  
 Goodhue, Mrs. Charles E., Jr., Ipswich  
 Goss, Mrs. Bernice L.,

East Bridgewater  
 Grimes, Mrs. Mary Lela, Cambridge  
 Grimes, William V., Cambridge  
 Gyers, Walter, Chelsea  
 Hadley, Mrs. Cedric K., Falmouth  
 Haines, Mrs. W. H., Belmont  
 Haire, Mrs. J. Russell,

Middletown, R. I.  
 Hampe, Fritz F., West Newton  
 Harding, Dr. Edward, Brookline  
 Hart, Mrs. Douglas, Portsmouth, R. I.

Haskins, Ralph W., Westfield  
 Hawthorne, Mrs. E. M., Middleboro  
 Heard, Mrs. Stephen, Westwood  
 Heron, Robert, Holyoke  
 Herrick, Mrs. Waldo, So. Duxbury  
 Hight, Miss Susan, Leicester  
 Hillman, Miss Alma C., Attleboro  
 Hinchman, W. S., Milton  
 Hodges, Mrs. George A.,

Beverly Farms  
 Hodges, Miss M. Avis, Attleboro  
 Homans, William P., Canton  
 Hopkins, Miss Nancy B., Arlington  
 Horlick, Lloyd M., Topsfield  
 Houghton, Mrs. Hayward S., So. Acton  
 Houston, Walter P., Stoneham  
 Howe, Mrs. L. H., No. Falmouth  
 Hunt, Miss Adalene B., Rockport  
 Jones, Mrs. Edward E., Brockton  
 Jones, Mrs. Howard L., So. Acton  
 Jones, Stanley C., Westfield  
 Keith, Mrs. Bradford, Brockton  
 Keith, Mrs. Wayne E., Brockton  
 Kennedy, Mrs. R. O., Concord  
 Kimball, Mrs. Robert F., Swampscott  
 King, Mrs. Donald S., Brookline  
 Kurtz, Mrs. Willis C., Greenfield  
 Langmaid, Mrs. Joseph, Swampscott  
 Lavere, Mrs. Raymond, Westfield  
 Lawson, Frank B., Dedham  
 Leland, Arthur Louis, E. Bridgewater  
 Lilley, Miss Alice, New Bedford  
 Lincoln, Warren E., Jr., Wayland  
 Loring, Mrs. Alfred O., W. Concord  
 Luscomb, Miss Ruby, New Bedford  
 MacLennan, Mrs. N. K.,

Winchester, N. H.  
 Malouin, Mrs. George J.,  
 E. Bridgewater  
 Marshall, Mrs. Gordon, Barnstable  
 McCabe, Mrs. Frank, Waltham  
 McCoubrie, Mrs. John H., Salem, N. J.  
 Meads, Mrs. Manuel, Orleans  
 Merlis, Mrs. Jerome K.,

Framingham Ctre.  
 Merrill, John, Bristol, N. H.  
 Messenger, Thomas F., Braintree  
 Minnich, Charles H., Southwick  
 Misserd, Mrs. J. Walden, Ipswich  
 Moore, Mrs. John E., Waltham  
 Moorhouse, Mrs. Esther P.,

E. Bridgewater  
 Morris, Mrs. Mary W., Boston  
 Morrow, George D., Monson  
 Mulligan, Miss Anne, Scituate  
 Nelson, Mrs. Jalmar N., E. Weymouth  
 Ness, Robert David, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Nims, Edward H., Westfield  
 O'Neil, Kenneth, Westfield  
 Orr, Mrs. Andrew S., Brockton  
 Osgood, Miss Mary E., Danvers  
 Paddon, Mrs. Arthur M., Orleans  
 Palmer, Miss Roberta, Scituate  
 Parker, Miss Carol J., Quincy  
 Parmenter, Mrs. Stanley, Campello



### Notes from the Sanctuaries

**MOOSE HILL.** As August merged into September, the dominant color notes provided along Sanctuary trails and roadsides by bright asters, golden-rods, and frowzy-headed joe-pyes, as well as the gradually changing bird life, betokened the swift passing of summer. And although another bright season was in prospect, it was not without real regret that we witnessed the changing of warm summer nights, punctuated by calls of the Whip-poor-will and the light of fireflies, into the coolish evenings of autumn with their medley of indefatigable katydids and tree crickets.

The focal point of summer activities at Moose Hill was the Natural History Day Camp, which was successfully carried on for three two-week periods under the direction of veteran Trailmaster Fred Cushing, Harry Levi, Jr., of the Audubon teaching staff, and the Sanctuary Superintendent. The keen interest and enthusiastic response of the different groups of campers made the staff feel that their labors in this important phase of the Society's nature education program were well rewarded. Also very gratifying was the interest shown by many of the parents and other adults who took occasion to visit the Sanctuary and see the young nature students in action. A more zestful sight can hardly be imagined than a full enrollment of eager campers taking to the field armed with hand-tailored insect nets and winnowing the air in hot pursuit of winged prey. The many and colorful forms that later adorned their insect boxes bore testimony to the caliber of their marksmanship. Other camping activities particularly enjoyed were the casting and coloring of leaf plaques; recognition of resident birds by sight and sound; Trailmaster Cushing's unique ability to relate Indian lore and to fashion formidable-looking Indian war clubs, or "persuaders"; and, in no wise last in appeal, the consumption of "twistems" prepared over the campfire. Margery Michelmore, a sixth grader at the Quaker Hill School in Foxboro—where the Audubon course is given—summed up her experience in the following "Tribute to Moose Hill Day Camp":

We have such fun at this nature camp,  
We don't care whether it's dry or damp.  
We love collecting and the walks  
And listening to the nature talks.

We've learned a lot of nature lore,  
Of the joys that Nature has in store.  
The days go by with so much speed  
We haven't all the time we need

But the time that I especially like  
Is when we go on a good long hike.  
When we learn by experience what not to touch  
And also what has been picked too much.

We think so much of Moose Hill  
We still haven't had our fill.  
And though we are sad about leaving here,  
We know that we'll come back next year.

Although the winding woodland trails, with their wealth of interesting trees, shrubs, and wild life continued to be the major attraction for most visiting groups and individuals, many found special enjoyment in observing the nesting and feeding activities of the birds within the immediate environs of the Sanctuary residence. Others were especially intrigued by the dunking proclivities of "Lotor" (washer) and "Ringtail," the pair of pet coon waifs



that have been under Sanctuary care since last May. Although the collections of locally-occurring turtles and snakes were used to best advantage with our own day campers, there were few visitors who were not fascinated by them. It might be noted that in the chelonian colony one of the box turtles, aptly dubbed "Hinges," gained great renown by virtue of his fleetness of foot in the camp-conducted turtle races.

The proximity of the Sanctuary to the various summer camps on Lake Massapoag, as well as to other day and resident camps in the Sharon area, was reflected in the large number of organized groups that chose Moose Hill for their nature excursions. Whenever possible the visiting groups were given conducted trail hikes or nature talks by the Sanctuary staff. Although Boston residents and Bay Staters were naturally in the majority among our visitors, the number of cars bearing plates from other States was quite revealing.

The orphaned and injured birds (as well as some mammals) that were brought to the Sanctuary doorstep during the late spring and summer for foster care and attention were many in number and kind. Their incessant and unquenchable appetites often made sharp demands on Sanctuary time, but among those successfully reared and released it was always rewarding to witness the subsequent return of many of them to the hands that succored them. Visitors never tired of watching the cavernous pink mouths hastily dispatch the proffered food and gape for more. By early September the roster of infirm inmates was reduced to two—"Goldie," a young Baltimore Oriole who retained her happy disposition despite a serious wing injury that was slow to heal, and "Rosy," an adolescent male Rose-breasted Grosbeak with perfectly sound wings and body but still restricted to short straight-line flights because of a temporarily "rudderless" condition.

ALBERT W. BUSSEWITZ

**PLEASANT VALLEY.** One of the most important activities of the Pleasant Valley Sanctuary is its Day Camp, which this year was directed by Miss Arlia Tomlinson. Instead of the usual three two-week sessions, the camp was operated for four, and it was a big success, as it always has been since its inception four years ago. This year a number of new activities were introduced into the program. A weather station was set up, with a homemade barometer, weather charts, and flags as part of the equipment. Daily forecasts were made by the campers. The first group helped with an exhibit of the common native plants for the Museum, while the second group worked on an exhibit made up of an aquarium and four terrariums, to show the great variation in plant life from the beaver ponds to the top of the mountain. The older boys and girls tried out some of the simpler forms of orientation—plotting a course with a compass. Also, the two older groups were taken on a field trip by the local soil conservation agent. This was very popular, and in the future we hope to have more outside experts lead the groups on trips. Of course, all sessions cooked part or some of their meals, went on a beaver trip, and climbed to the fire tower. Needless to say, with all these activities the campers had a wonderful time and are laying plans to return next year.

Probably more organized summer camps visited the Sanctuary this year than ever before. Although many camps came unannounced, and consequently had to go over the trails without a guide, an equal number became member camps. Member camps receive two guided field trips, which last from an hour and a half to two hours. Even though plant life receives the lion's share of



attention, any animal life which is chanced upon is given a thorough examination. Birds, salamanders and frogs, and insects are all the focal point of interest at one time or another. Sometimes a game is played to stimulate interest and to test the knowledge of the campers. After lunch at the picnic area, the group visits the live museum, where there is opportunity to study native reptiles at first hand. Then a visit is made to the Trailside Museum.

Our Trailside Museum has been a very busy place this year with the Day Camp headquarters in the wing, and hundreds of campers and thousands of adult visitors viewing the exhibits. There is a new beaver exhibit and several new electric games. One of the most popular of the new exhibits is an observation beehive. Exhibits of paintings and photographs of wildlife have also attracted much attention. Outstanding among these were the wild flower paintings of Mrs. Marcia Gaylord Norman and bird paintings by Robert V. Clem. Edward Norman also exhibited a group of his wonderfully lifelike ceramic ducks and song birds.

Among the most appreciated contributions to the Sanctuary this summer was the excellent help given by two volunteers. Miss Jill Farr, of Pittsfield, assisted Miss Tomlinson with the Day Camp during three sessions, in addition to helping out in the Museum. Harold Hansen, of Arlington, rendered invaluable service during his August vacation by cutting open overgrown trails, repairing bridges, and undertaking many other difficult tasks. Mr. Hansen also gave our bird-feeding demonstration corner of the Museum a big start by making a concrete bird bath and setting up a weathervane feeder.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibit in the live museum is a porcupine, dubbed "Sleepy" by the campers. Sleepy was brought to us from a near-by orchard, where he was caught enjoying apple bark. However, it was quickly found that he liked the remains of a camper's sandwich even more. As the summer progressed, it became apparent that Sleepy really was very docile, and after a few hesitant false starts we found he could be patted and petted. There was only one trouble; we had to be careful, because Sleepy can't tell a finger from a carrot!

Bird life in July and August is rather quiet on the whole, though it is a rare day that both the Broad-winged Hawk and the Red-shouldered Hawk are not seen soaring low over headquarters. On July 14 one American Egret was spotted in the big beaver pond, and in the early part of the summer a pair of Indigo Buntings visited the feeders daily.

It is in the fall that Pleasant Valley teems with birds. The high bush cranberry just started to turn scarlet the first week in September, and the kinnikinnik and other dogwoods and the viburnums, as well as the elderberries and cherries, beckon to the migrating hordes. If you want to study the fall warblers, there is no better place than the shrubbery along the shores of the beaver ponds.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

ARCADIA. The month of August is a transition period. We have our last Day Camp picnic and say good-bye to the last group of campers and their parents; we note the disappearance of some of our summer birds; we watch the summer wild flowers wind up their affairs by producing seed heads; we notice the verdant green of trees and shrubs yellow so slightly as to be barely perceptible, with here and there brilliant stabs of color from a wild cherry or a sumac. The very air of some still, calm, sultry August days seems charged with imminent change. The growing season is ending, nature is preparing for

the turbulent time of autumn, which is itself the time of preparation for the quiescent period of winter.

Arcadia Marsh was particularly lovely this August. The pickerel weed never was bluer, and this year the wild rice was more noticeable than for several years. Five American Egrets graced the Marsh on occasion, but there is no question that the invasion of this beautiful bird was in lesser numbers than for several years past. Other herons present during the month were Great Blue, Green, Black-crowned Night, and American Bittern. The first Mallard seen since spring was observed by Professor Eliot on the 22nd, and the Black Duck became more noticeable as the broods began moving around, a maximum of fifteen being seen toward the end of the month. The Blue-winged Teal was seen by Edward Burt on the 30th, while Wood Ducks were present throughout the period, becoming more easily observed as the month progressed. A rather unusual record for the time of year was the finding of a Hooded Merganser by Professor Eliot on August 22.

The notes of the Mourning Dove were heard from time to time, and the loud nightly chorus of insect songs was often the background for a tremulous solo sung by the Screech Owl. Bird songs in some instances are the only sure key to a species, an example being the Alder Flycatcher, recorded as singing on August 9 by Professor Eliot. The Least was also present on the 13th and 22nd, the Kingbird, Phoebe, and the Wood Pewee completing the list of flycatchers at Arcadia during August. The purple fruits of the pagoda dogwood brought the Kingbirds to the Katharine Woods Memorial, the red osier dogwood fruits attracting them apparently only for the sake of variety.

Eleven warblers were found during August, some of the species being indicative of the fall movements of this family: Black and White, Nashville, Yellow, Black-throated Green, Chestnut-sided, Prairie, Oven-bird, Northern Water-Thrush, Mourning (one on the 9th), Northern Yellow-throat, and American Redstart.

Annually we look for the gathering on the edges of Arcadia Marsh of the Bobolinks that have lived the summer long in the near-by meadows and fields. This year fifty-five were seen on August 5 as they swung around in a flock, practicing, we always like to think, for their long migration to Bolivia. A lone Bobolink was lingering on August 22.

Time harked back temporarily to spring when a Baltimore Oriole sang on the 29th; and were it not for the white fruits of the snowberry bush it was flitting in, a brilliantly plumaged Yellow Warbler on the 31st might have made one believe momentarily that May was here again. A second look showed the yellow was more inclined to greenish, and the breast stripes were duller—perhaps not our local race, but a Yellow Warbler, nevertheless.

EDWIN A. MASON

**COOK'S CANYON.** During the summer workshop and camp period, a log of bird life showed more than seventy species making use of the Sanctuary environs. This season the coniferous forest, in addition to Myrtle, Magnolia, and Black-throated Green Warblers, attracted Blackburnian and Black-throated Blues. The pebble-tapping song of Short-billed Marsh Wrens could be heard at night from the Sanctuary headquarters, and Ruffed Grouse were seen often by visitors. Many Purple Finches and Goldfinches were included among summer boarders at the bird restaurants.

The summer of 1950 has sped away, filled as it was with the multitudinous activities of the Workshop for adults, the children's resident nature camp (Camp Wildwood), and the day camp for youngsters living near at hand. In addition to serving as summer headquarters for the educational work of the Society, the Sanctuary is receiving an increasing number of visitors from groups such as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, church clubs, and organized camps. For many members of such groups it is their first introduction to a wildlife sanctuary, and for many of them we believe it will mean the beginning of nature study as an absorbing and intellectually profitable hobby.

It is indeed most gratifying for us to see the Canyon thus serving so satisfactorily as a living memorial to the public spiritedness and foresight of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cook, and to know that it is furthering the work of the Society, but this year's increased usage emphasized the need for further expansion of the facilities at the Canyon. Our able Sanctuary Committee is advising and assisting in planning the use of the Sanctuary's land and present buildings, and with the help of the committee much progress has already been made.

This summer a workshop building was provided for our students through the generosity of Miss Grace Dickinson, of Worcester, and Mr. Levon Yacubian, of the Barre Wool Combing Company. This involved the remodeling of our former storage shed, so that now, with its spacious windows, it provides a well-lighted study and assembly room, with a cozy library nook at one end, and two smaller workrooms. With the experience gained by this summer's use, we hope to complete the remodeling this fall, including the replacing of the present floor and the addition of cabinets, tables, and better lighting facilities, to be ready for next year's workshop and camp programs. The building has already been reroofed, and the old paint scraped away and replaced with a bright glossy gray, much of the work having been done by Trailmaster J. Alfred Taylor, Henry Swan, and Carl Foerster.

Our dormitories and workshop now have accommodations for fifty students, but half that number sadly overtax our dining and kitchen facilities. Imagine, if you can, preparing meals for more than twenty-five people in an ordinary family kitchen and on an ordinary household stove, not once, but morning, noon, and night every day for six weeks, and you will have some idea of the difficulties of the undertaking of Mrs. Pearl Care, of our educational staff, who volunteered for this arduous work and who carried it through to the satisfaction of all, staff and students alike.

BUT—if Cook's Canyon is to make maximum use of its other facilities as an educational center for the Society, it is very evident that it should have a separate building for its dining room and kitchen. The cost of such a building can only come through the co-operation of our members and other public spirited citizens who realize the importance of conservation education and who feel that our work contributes substantially to the protection of our natural resources and to the making of better citizens.

The Society already has promises of assistance from several sources, but more aid is needed. A log cabin type of building seems desirable, both artistically and because of low cost. The plans for such a building have already been donated, some of the foundations can be contributed locally, logs cut from our evergreen plantation can be trucked and sawed at comparatively little cost, but funds are needed to provide for the purchase of kitchen equipment, windows, shutters, and much of the necessary labor, and other items.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

### Record Enrollment At Workshop

Thirty-five students, from nine States and Alaska, enrolled for the sessions of the Natural Science Workshop conducted by the Society during June and July at Cook's Canyon Sanctuary, Barre, Massachusetts. Because of the geographical distribution represented in the enrollment, a variety of interests and experiences brought by the students to the Workshop classes helped enliven the discussions led by the Audubon staff. The first group, consisting for the most part of camp counselors, was in residence at the Sanctuary from June 14 to 28, and the second group, including teachers and other youth group leaders, attended from July 2 to 15. Collaborating with members of the Audubon educational staff in the conduct of the Workshop were Dr. William G. (Cap'n Bill) Vinal, Professor of Nature Education at the University of Massachusetts, and Miss Rachel Bruce, Assistant Professor at Fitchburg State Teachers College.

The kitchen and dining facilities of the Sanctuary residence were taken over during the summer through the fine co-operation of Superintendent and Mrs. Magee. With the increased enrollment, the museum proved inadequate as a meeting place, and renovation of the old carriage shed was necessary to furnish commodious workshop space and a place for the reference library, as well as quarters during rainy days for the Day Campers at the Sanctuary. It is hoped that by next season the addition of a log cabin dining hall and kitchen will assure greater ease of operation.

Field trips to the Quabbin Reservoir, Harvard Forest, and the Soil Conservation demonstration centers, as well as reptile study with the Lewis Babbitts at Petersham, a delightful Sunday afternoon and evening as guests of Dr. and Mrs. Krumbhaar at Princeton, and the excellent square dance demonstrations conducted by Lawrence V. Loy, Professor of Rural Recreation at the University of Massachusetts, contributed greatly to the interest at both Workshop sessions.

### Peabody Museum Course Well-Attended

A Bird Identification Course was given at the Peabody Museum, Salem, during March and April, with field trips extending into May. Twenty-six persons attended, and an equal number had to be turned away for lack of space. Several Boy Scouts working for bird merit badges took the course, and adults were registered from Beverly, Lynn, Marblehead, Peabody, Salem, and Winchendon.

### Brookline Bird Club Trips

#### Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

October 7, all day. Bus trip to Boxford and Essex County. Mr. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R. Afternoon. Woburn, Horn Pond. Mr. Wardwell, SToneham 6-0391-M.

October 12, all day. Ipswich, Plum Island. Robert Hogg, CRystal 9-1869.

October 14, all day. Newburyport, Rice Marshes, Artichoke. Miss Barry, MElrose 4-5888. Afternoon. Belmont Hill. Mr. Tomfohrde, PRospect 6-1979.

October 21, all day. Bedford to Concord Wildlife Refuge. Miss Lawson, CAPitol 7-5618. Afternoon. Concord Wildlife Refuge. Miss Riggs, UNiversity 4-4229.

October 28, all day. Wayside Inn, Sudbury, and Heard's Pond, Wayland. Miss Caldwell, Natick 1622-J. Afternoon. Reading. Mrs. Eber Heston, REading 2-1965-M.

November 4, all day. Ipswich Dunes and Clark's Pond. Mr. Little, WAltham 5-4295. Afternoon. Leverett Pond to Arnold Arboretum. Mr. Bean, JAMaica 4-2049.

### Maurice C. Emery

The passing of Maurice C. Emery, of Wollaston, Massachusetts, on March 27th of this year was keenly felt by members of the Audubon staff and by many of our active field observers throughout the State. Born in Woodstock, Vermont, on April 7, 1898, Mr. Emery came to Boston as a young man to attend the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, and for twenty-six years he was associated with the Cambridgeport Savings Bank. With an interest in many hobbies and membership in the Massachusetts Audubon Society, in recent years he turned his efforts largely to the study of bird life and nature photography, and many of his photographs have been used for illustration in ornithological publications. He served frequently as a guide on Audubon field trips. In 1947 he was elected a member of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge. For several years he was treasurer of the Old Colony Bird Club, and in 1949 was elected presiding officer of that organization.

At funeral services conducted on March 30 at the Wollaston Congregational Church, of which Mr. Emery was an active member, the Reverend Donald T. Rowlingson, D. D., very fittingly quoted the following lines from Browning:

"I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!"

Mr. Emery is survived by his wife, Ruth (McMurtrie) Emery, who is a member of the editorial staff of the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

### New Books

THE SANDHILL CRANES. By Lawrence H. Walkinshaw. Cranbrook Institute of Science. Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. 1949. 202 pages, 34 photographs, 1 color plate. \$3.50.

For those of us who have heard the bugling of the Sandhill Cranes or have witnessed with amazement their dances, this life history of one species of crane comes as a welcome addition to our ornithological libraries.

Packed full of information, replete with statistics and tables, yet the detailed observations of the author as he takes field notes on the cranes from Alaska to the Isle of Pines make the book intensely interesting reading. To Dr. Walkinshaw's own observations have been added much pertinent material from others who have studied the cranes on their wintering and nesting grounds and have witnessed their migration flights.

Four subspecies of the Sandhill Crane are covered in this volume:—the Greater Sandhill, the summer range apparently extending from the Great Lakes west to the Cascades and into British Columbia, with a total population perhaps of less than two thousand birds; the Lesser Sandhill, intergrading with the Greater at its northern limits, nesting in southwestern Canada north to Alaska and eastern Siberia and still the most abundant of the Sandhills, these birds being observed in recent years in flocks of thirty thousand to one hundred thousand; the Florida Sandhill, occupying Florida, southern Georgia, and a belt along the Gulf Coast west into Texas, with a total popula-



tion now estimated at 2,650 birds; and the Cuban Sandhill, restricted to the western half of Cuba and the Isle of Pines, its population probably consisting of only fifteen to twenty pairs on the Isle of Pines, with a few more in western Cuba.

The chapters include detailed information on molts, plumages, voice, behavior (the descriptions of the crane dances being especially fascinating), food habits, pairing and territory, nesting habits and the variation in this respect among the subspecies, a study of the young, migration movements and wintering grounds, and the history of the North American crane populations.

A young female crane was a captive from the time of hatching until two and a half years of age. It was interesting to note that it acquired its *teeer* call at four months of age and an adult call at ten months of age. It was able to swim easily, much in the manner of a swan. As far as its food was concerned, it was almost omnivorous, feeding extensively on one food one day and refusing it a few days later. At three weeks of age it ate earthworms and rose beetles, although it seemed to relish the latter only a week. But one of the favorite foods continued to be earthworms, and that seems to be confirmed by other authorities. It also ate popcorn, crackers, hamburger containing not too much fat, and cottage cheese, as well as great numbers of large insects, roots, berries, and it even pecked at tomatoes and flowering plants in the garden. This description reminds the reviewer of the captive crane and many wild ones which came several years ago to visit the W. E. Browne farm at Grandin, Florida, and seemed to appreciate cornbread fed to them just outside the kitchen door. Mr. Browne's tame crane, which he had raised for some time after helping to repair a bill injury, used to welcome visitors by pecking at their shoestrings.

The reviewer feels sure that it was largely owing to the influence of Dr. Walkinshaw that the Michigan Audubon Society set aside its Bernard W. Baker Sanctuary as what is probably the first refuge for cranes in this country. In discussing the future of the Sandhill Cranes, the author feels that shooting is probably the greatest factor in their earlier reduction, although drainage and fire have played an important part. Illegal shooting still continues today and is probably the greatest hazard which the crane has to meet, especially in the areas occupied by the Greater Sandhill, the Florida, and the Cuban. The Lesser Sandhill Crane, being restricted largely to more remote regions, has the best chance for survival. However, as human intrusion moves steadily northward into the region occupied by the Lesser Sandhill, more concern will be held for its safety. More refuges are needed for the protection of this bird, particularly in the Kissimmee Prairie region of Florida and in western Cuba and the Isle of Pines, where Dr. Walkinshaw feels that a large area should be set aside under government or private agency wardenship.

The thoroughness of the research work carried out by Dr. Walkinshaw in writing *The Sandhill Cranes* is indicated by the ten pages of literature cited as reference material and Appendix D, which consists of thirty-three pages of Distribution Records. Appendix A is also of value, as it provides a key to the cranes of the world.

Dr. Walkinshaw is to be congratulated for this painstaking and readable material on the Sandhill Cranes, which will be valued by bird students throughout the western world.

C. RUSSELL MASON

## Letters

## An Acrobatic Owl

Dear Mr. Mason:

My husband witnessed an amusing accident last March 16th while watching a Short-eared Owl on Martha's Vineyard. The owl was flying over a field about a foot or two above the ground when first seen. Paul left his car and walked slowly toward the owl, who appeared to be completely unaware of his presence, and was able to come within 70 yards of him—when the owl suddenly turned his head toward Paul, and apparently forgot to look where he was going, for he flew headfirst into the ground, somersaulted a couple of times, and landed sitting up on the earth.

Paul stood watching him for several minutes, but he remained where he had landed. He was still sitting in the same spot when Paul drove off a few minutes later.

Sincerely,

Kathleen S. Anderson

Middleboro, Massachusetts

April 12, 1950

## Captive Sparrow Lives a Decade

Dear Mrs. Emery:

At the suggestion of Mr. Dodge of the Peabody Museum, Salem, I am reporting to you the death of a little English Sparrow aged about 9 years and 10 months. He would have been a few days over ten years on July 7, 1950. He died May 6, 1950.

On July 7, 1940, we heard a loud chirping which came from our front room upstairs. We located the sound and took up the floor boards underneath a set bowl and took out this little bird with the nest hanging to his leg. The birds must have had a nest over the window and somehow it fell thru the partitions and he sent out a call for help. He didn't have all his feathers and one claw was crushed some. A few days later I noticed a groove in his right leg and called the Vet and he removed a tiny hair which was cutting into his leg. I bathed his leg three hours a day for several days, which saved it, but he had a club foot. That year I wrote a letter to the bird column in the Boston Sunday Post and it took first prize for that month. It was thru Whirrey (which was his name) that I joined the Massachusetts Audubon Society, for I received a note from the President, Mr. Walcott, asking me to join. I believe he had seen that story in the Post. The next year I wrote another one and it too received first prize, and with the \$6.00 for the two stories Whirrey was able to pay his veterinary's bills.

He was a very unusual little bird and gave so much cheer and pleasure to the three of us, and others too, and people around Beverly and Salem were always inquiring for him. He said his name "Whirrey" very plainly and I taught him to add *peep* to Whirrey. It was only a matter of a few weeks when I came home one night and he was saying *Whirrey peep*. He would pause in the middle of his song and say it. Sometimes it would be *peep Whirrey*. He was a cheerful little soul and seemed perfectly contented.

He was fed a large variety of food and up until the end his feathers were as soft as silk and very shiny. He was always perfectly healthy and full of pep. It was just a question of old age. The Vet said he was really not sick, but it was a slowing up of his circulation. He developed heart trouble in April. He was very strong and only the last day of his life did he slow up on his "cats." I held him in my arms every night this past week until after 10 o'clock. He would press his little head against me every time I tried to put him in his cage. I think he enjoyed the warmth of my hand. He breathed so fast the last week that I am glad he didn't live any longer, but we miss him terribly. Every time I came home at night, just as soon as he heard the door open he said *peep*. He seemed almost human in his ways. And the last day of his life, when I came home and put my arm next to his cage he cuddled up close to me and rubbed his head up and down on my finger.

I thought perhaps it might be of interest to you that a wild bird would live so long. He never knew the outside world at all, only thru taking him out in his cage in warm weather. Almost everyone who came to the house asked to see the canary and they wouldn't have believed it was a sparrow singing. Some day I am going to write a story of his life, as there are so many unusual things he did.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Frances Ames Barton

Salem, Massachusetts

May 9, 1950.

P. S. July 7, 1940, was Whirrey's anniversary date with us. I do not believe he was more than a week or so old when we rescued him. His beak was always open and we fed him milk from a medicine dropper, and I put small pieces of bread and milk down his throat with my little finger. After a month he turned his head away from the dropper and began to eat his wild bird seed.

## LETTERS

## Vacation Cleanings

Dear Mr. Mason:

Among several interesting experiences with birds during a vacation in the Monadnock region of New Hampshire, the following one seemed of considerable interest and is perhaps worth mention: While driving on a side road in Rindge, Aug. 14th, we surprised an immature Broad-winged Hawk in the middle of the road, feeding on the carcass of a rabbit which must have been run over. It left its meal very reluctantly and flew only to a roadside sapling, where it perched and repeatedly gave its "Wood Pewee" call—sounding something like the whistle of a toy steam engine. Only a few yards down the road an adult Broad-wing flew across, also perching tamely near by for a fine view. (Broad-wings certainly were the dominant species in the region.) By the time we had turned around and come back, both hawks were gone—and more of the rabbit meat too. I suppose that as a rule rabbits play a very small part in the Broad-wing diet, but that this was a case of practical opportunism. The young hawk had beautifully-marked creamy-colored under parts.

Other pleasant experiences—of which the region furnished many—were seeing a large colony of Eave Swallows in Hancock, several fine Marsh Hawks in different areas, four Great Blue Herons one day in Dublin, and an early-morning visit by a pair of Pileated Woodpeckers to the ground just outside our cabin window in Nelson. "Logcock" workings were frequently seen in the area. The region also proved to be a meeting ground for four kinds of thrushes

—a few Wood Thrushes and Olive-backs mingling with the more numerous Hermits and Veeries.

Many good wishes for a successful fall and winter season with a continuing extension of the good work being done by the Society.

Sincerely,

George A. Drew, Jr.

Belmont, Massachusetts

September 1, 1950

## English Sparrows Eat Japanese Beetles

Gentlemen:

For your record if you don't already have the report:

Several times within the last month I have observed the English Sparrows hovering over what are generally the tenderest shoots on our rose plants. There seemed to be some insect life that interested them there—probably the aphids.

Today we were close enough to see the copper-colored Japanese Beetle and the English Sparrow who removed him from the bush, thereby adding a reason of value to the sometimes downtrodden aspect of the English Sparrow. It was not a single instance, as the same activity occurred several times in the same afternoon.

Now find us something that will eat rose chafers and we are all set.

Cordially,

T. F. Messenger

Braintree, Massachusetts

July 23, 1950

## Bird Flights

The cuckoo speeds like an arrow  
Shot from ashy bow,  
Not like a wren or a sparrow,  
Tipping from bough to bough.  
Goldfinch takes the air in sips,  
Flicker makes a course by dips —  
In sombre flaps, the crow.  
Hawks with calm geometry,  
Circulate the sky;  
Bisecting blue perimeters,  
The wild geese fly.  
Larks are tossed into their flight  
As a boy's hand throws a stone;  
But all the secrets of the night  
The owl sifts, alone.

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**GEORGE W. RICE**

**98 Forest Park Ave., Springfield 8, Mass.**

**FIELD NOTES**

Carl Clemensson, of Bedford, reports a most interesting observation in late April. As he was watching a group of Evening Grosbeaks scatter from his feeding station, a SHRIKE flew toward them, and what was either a Sharp-shinned or a Cooper's Hawk (it moved so rapidly that he could not distinguish which it was) knocked the Shrike to the ground, killing the bird, but the hawk failed to make off with his booty. We often wonder how often the larger predacious birds like the hawks prey on the smaller ones like the Shrikes. This is, we think, an extraordinary observation.

Dr. Lee J. Whittles, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, writes that OSPREYS are definitely increasing in numbers at the mouth of the Connecticut River. On April 30 there were forty-nine occupied nests in the Old Lyme-Saybrook area. Seven of the nests were on fallen trees, duck blinds, or built directly on the ground.

Mrs. Herbert L. Campbell, of Milton, writes that she is always interested in the various nests which are found about the home grounds. The nest of the Chipping Sparrows, commonly made of grasses and roots—and in former days lined with horsehair, which gave the Chippy one of its common names of "Hairbird"—are, at her home, usually lined first with the wiry red hairs of their Irish terrier "Pat," and the inner layer consists of the silkier hairs of their fawn cocker "Polly." Mrs. Campbell says that Polly has now enthusiastically provided nesting material for the birds for the twelfth year. She also mentioned a nesting of GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLETS at West Brewster in 1941. The nest was right by the porch near the top of a small pine, perhaps twelve feet from the ground. While the Campbell family did not see the young leave the nest, they could hear the young *tseeling* from their nesting tree, and at times the parents would hover almost like Hummingbirds just outside the porch screen.

A ROYAL TERN was seen in Ipswich (Crane's Beach) on July 29 by Wallace Bailey and Miss Dorothy Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loring report a CASPIAN TERN at the south end of Plum Island on July 4.

A WHITE PELICAN was observed at Nantucket on July 2 by Edward Coffin. The bird was also seen, on July 4, by the Misses Edith Folger and Emily Goode and by Clinton Andrews.

Two OYSTER-CATCHERS were seen in Nantucket on July 11 by Mrs. F. W. Davis and Mrs. William F. Howe. The birds were within one hundred yards and were observed both feeding and flying.

Clarence E. Allen reports one male and two female EVENING GROSBEEKS at Chestnut Hill on September 8.

On September 8, in the Centerville section of Beverly, Miss Lois C. Hatch and Mrs. Lee Jameson saw an adult RED-HEADED WOODPECKER. The bird first came into Miss Hatch's yard. It then flew across the field into a willow tree, where it could be observed closely without binoculars.

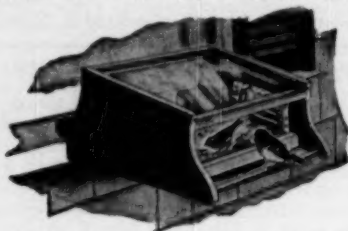
Peter Willmann, of Cambridge, reports that on the 9th and 21st of August he saw a NORTHERN WATER-THRUSH in Lobster Cove in Annisquam. Both times the bird was observed at very close range while it was walking around in the mud with several species of shore birds. The yellow breast and eye-stripe were plainly seen. Mr. Willmann further reports that there were twenty-five to seventy-five LEAST SANDPIPERS a day at the same place from August 2 on, about twice previous high totals. Two GREEN HERONS, a SPOTTED SANDPIPER, and the arrival of two CRESTED FLYCATCHERS late in the month enlivened August for him.

Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald of Amsterdam, New York, who has been operating such a successful sanctuary area on their home place, took up banding this last spring and her records already cover several hundred birds. Most interesting of all are the thirty-four BALTIMORE ORIOLES and the eighty-five CATBIRDS which were banded during the summer, being attracted to her feeders by raisins which she supplied in considerable quantity for them. Another interesting bird which she has had in her care for many weeks is a completely ALBINO ROBIN, which was captured by a cat and so badly injured that at the time of writing it was still unable to fly.

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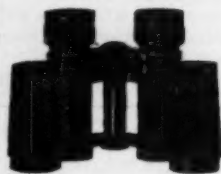
During one of the walks of the Peabody Museum Bird Class last spring, the members had an unusual opportunity to study **AMERICAN BRANT** at close range. Three were feeding just off the beach at Marblehead Neck Causeway on May 6.

Mrs. Harris McIntyre had an unusual visitor in her garden in Marblehead on May 19. She and a number of luncheon guests watched a male **SUMMER TANAGER** on the feeding shelf outside the dining room window for several minutes.

At the Bonad Swamp, Marblehead Neck, an adult **LITTLE BLUE HERON** in fine breeding plumage was found on May 7 by Mrs. Frances Elkins, Miss Dorothy Snyder, Kimball Elkins, and James Moran.

Miss Dorothy Snyder and Miss Katharine Tousey studied birds in Texas during the April school vacation period. They saw 250 species in the Rockport and Brownsville areas, where they went out with Mrs. Jack Hagar and the Irby Davises. Among the many species new to them were Black-bellied and Fulvous Tree Ducks; Mexican Black and Zone-tailed Hawks; Chachalacas and Road Runners; Black-chinned, Broad-tailed, and Buff-bellied Hummingbirds; Vermilion and Beardless Flycatchers; Texas, Botteri, Cassin, and Black-throated Sparrows.

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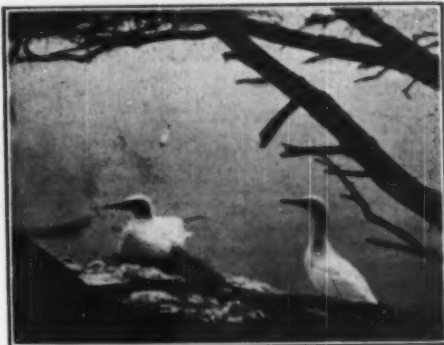
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## FIELD NOTES

A sick GANNET was picked up by Miss Mary Jane MacKenzie at her home at Third Cliff, Scituate, on July 2. The bird died two days later.

Henry V. Greenough reported three AMERICAN EGRETS at his farm in Carlsle on July 19. He also commented that he had more WOOD DUCKS nesting there this year and fewer BLACK DUCKS.

A CABOT'S TERN was seen in Chatham on June 22 by Dr. Norman P. Hill.

On July 20 a male EVENING GROS-BEAK was noted in Wilbraham by R. Dudley Ross. The bird was at a neighbor's feeding station and was not banded.

A partial ALBINO was noted in a flock of BARN SWALLOWS at Popham Beach, Maine, on July 27, by Christopher Packard and Mrs. Clara deWindt.

Miss Helen Hagar reported to the Peabody Museum a BAY-BREASTED WARBLER on a tree in the Derby House yard in downtown Salem on June 1.

A WESTERN WILLET was seen at First Encounter Beach, Eastham, on July 28 by Miss Rosamund Bigelow, of Brewster.

We quote an amusing paragraph from a letter received in late July from Allan Keniston, of Vineyard Haven: "Not long ago I brought home a young HERRING GULL. You will see from the picture enclosed that he is quite upset because our black spaniel is eating his (the gull's) food. His language is harsh and really scandalous. The gull likes the dog very much ordinarily, but the dog is very jealous of my attentions to the gull. The dog will eat food even if he doesn't like it, or is near bursting, rather than have Peter (the gull) eat it."

Word comes from Mrs. Margaret A. Fitzgerald, of "Bird Haven," Amsterdam, New York, that she was kept busy in the spring raising a nest of three young Robins which were orphaned by Sharp-shinned Hawks when they were three days old. Mrs. Fitzgerald also reports a tremendous number of birds banded by her this year, including twenty-seven Baltimore Orioles and five White-crowned Sparrows, to say nothing of an Indigo Bunting and a Veery. In one day, May 11, she banded sixty-four birds in her yard.

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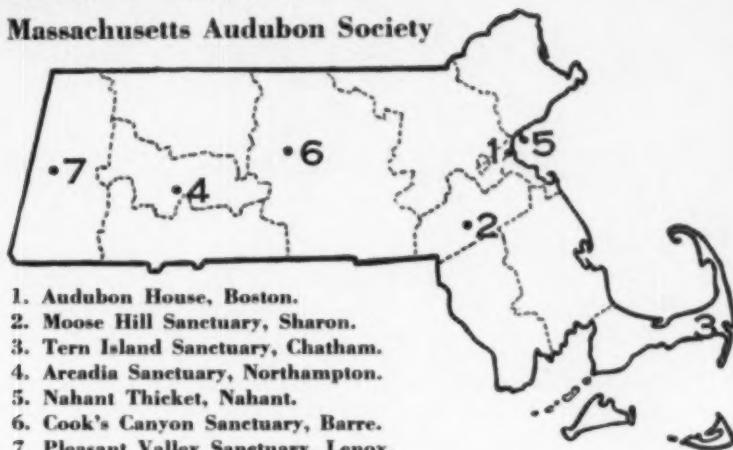
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Fred H. Holden, *Building Superintendent*

The Museum is open free to the public 10 to 5 on week days, 2 to 5 on Sundays. It is closed Mondays.

As the Museum receives no money from the city, county, or state, its services to the public are made possible largely by memberships and gifts. Single (\$5.00 a year) members receive two invitations to the winter and summer Members' Nights, a discount on tickets to lectures and other events, and to courses for which a charge is made. Ten dollars (\$10.00) members have the same privileges for three persons.

In addition, Museum members now automatically become full members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, with all privileges of membership, including *THE BULLETIN*.

Museum membership and gifts may be deducted from net income subject to Federal Income Tax.

Alvah W. Sanborn, Miss Arlia Tomlinson, and Miss Elizabeth McI. Johnson of the Audubon educational staff represent the Berkshire Museum and the Massachusetts Audubon Society in Berkshire County.



# **THE AUDUBON EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM**

**IS SUPPORTED LARGELY  
BY YOUR CURRENT DUES and DONATIONS**

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Nearly 400 Biweekly Classes in Conservation and Nature-Lore in Public and Private Schools of Massachusetts, taught by a staff of sixteen trained and experienced Teachers.

Training Classes in Nature-Lore for Youth Group Leaders, especially in preparation for Camp Programs in correlation with our Sanctuary work.

Nine different Lectures by members of the Audubon Staff to Garden Clubs, Women's Clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, School Biology Classes, and other groups annually.

A Therapy Program for Patients at several New England Hospitals.

Sponsoring Audubon Junior Clubs in Schools, Museums, etc., with 10,000 members a year.

Scheduling a Series of Local Bird Trips and Campouts for Healthful recreation.

Distribution of Circulars relating to Bird and Mammal Conservation to 7500 Leaders of Youth Groups, such as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, 4-H Clubs and Settlement Houses throughout the State.

Furnishing to Teachers and Group Leaders a Series of Eight Traveling Lectures on Bird-Life.

Continued Publication of our Magazine, The BULLETIN.

Additions to the Lending and Reference Libraries of the Society.

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***WE APPRECIATE YOUR CO-OPERATION IN  
CARRYING ON THIS MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF  
THE SOCIETY.***

Will you not consider the desirability of making the Massachusetts Audubon Society a legatee under your will, or make such recommendation to your friends?